

The MESSENGER

of
OUR
LADY
of
AFRICA



Published by the White Sisters, Metuchen, N. J.

JANUARY - FEBRUARY, 1942

VOL. 5

No. 7

MISSIONARY GUILDS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

A Mission Guild of Our Lady of Africa is established to help the Missions under the special protection of Our Lady, Queen of Africa. Just as every other guild or club, there must be a President and other officers. There must also be promoters, who try to get as many members as possible.

The members of the Guild promise to contribute a certain small amount for Our Lady's Missions every week. As a reminder of their promise and at the same time to facilitate the putting aside of this small sum, the members, at their enrollment in the Guild, receive a little bag in which they may keep their weekly offering. At the close of every ten weeks, the promoters collect the total for the missions.

A meeting is called for the promoters to give in the offerings of their members, which is then sent to the Sisters. This meeting may also be a little social gathering for the promoters.

Who would miss five or ten cents a week? However, this sum, although small in itself, when donated by a number of people each week, becomes no less than a fortune in Mission land.

Who can estimate the number of hearts, living tabernacles, in which God will reign, simply because a nickle or dime was put aside each week for the missions? And who can conceive the reward that Our Lady of Africa will obtain from her Divine Son for those who help to extend His Kingdom among the Mohammedans and pagan Africans.

SPECIAL FAVORS ARE GRANTED TO PROMOTERS BY THE HOLY SEE

A plenary Indulgence may be gained under the usual conditions on:

- (a) the day of their enrollment as promoters.
- (b) the following Feasts: Immaculate Conception, Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, Saint Peter, and Saint Francis Xavier.

The Masses said for promoters after their death at any Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if the Masses were said on Privileged Altars.

FOR ORDINARY MEMBERS

Three Masses are said every month for the living and deceased members. Moreover, they share in the apostolic labors of all the Sisters of the Congregation and in the prayers said for them in all the convents of the Congregation.

For information about vocations, write to our American Postulate:

Reverend Mother Superior
319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over thirteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

To avoid the Mission unnecessary expense, kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

CONTENTS

	Page
THOSE OF THE ELEVENTH HOUR	63
THE OUED! THE OUED! THE RIVER!	64
MARY AND HER MISSIONARIES	66
FROM THE CHRISTMAS MAIL-BAG	69
GUY DE FONTGALLAND	70

THE MESSENGER OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA is edited and published bi-monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters), Metuchen, New Jersey. Annual subscription, \$1.00. Entered as second class matter December 15, 1931, at the post office of Metuchen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"Those of the Eleventh Hour"

Our Brothers the Lepers

IT WAS INDEED the eleventh hour when "Mama" became a leper. When her age is asked, she starts to laugh. Is it possible to remember such an ancient thing?

Her hut was next to a catechumen's and she quickly became accustomed to her new life. Past miseries have faded into the distance. Looking at her mutilated hands she thinks of the happiness of her life as a young woman, of the children that brightened her home.

Who brought her here? Divine Providence undoubtedly did not wish to have one soul of good will lost . . .

Each time Sister came to teach Catechism to her neighbor she listened without understanding much of these marvelous truths so new. However she grasped that Sunday belongs to God and that He has a right to a little more on that day.

She would come to Mass, hobbling along, her head covered with a rag tied pyramid-like. How can one tie a knot as young people do when one no longer has hands?

During Mass she acted like a Christian of long standing. Her lips moved during the prayers said in common, and she stood and sat at the prescribed moments, as everyone else. When the office was finished, she would walk out quietly, not without making her little reverence to God.

Now Mama "worker of the eleventh hour" awaits the hour of wages. A very bad fit of coughing brought her one morning to the door of the hospital where she was placed among those very ill.

On her white bed she seems even older and more worn out. She always greets her nurse with a smile. As docile and trustful as a child, she takes all the remedies offered to her without ever complaining.

There is however a painful hour: that of the thermometer. Mama is persuaded that she must swallow this strange instrument! The attempts which she makes to obey, in that as in everything else, are comical.

Mama gets worse as the days go on but at the same time her simple soul is opened to the beauties of our Religion. To what she does not understand - it is so hard for an old head - she invariably answers: "All what you are saying to me I believe!"

Could the Divine Master not give to this upright soul who has known Him so late, the reward promised to the laborers of the eleventh hour?

Sister Yves-Marie

The White Sisters
Have charge of
9 Leper Colonies
Nursing some 2,000
Patients

* * *

\$2 Monthly
Supports a Leper in
a Hut



"The Oued! The Oued! The River!"

TO OBTAIN an idea of the impression produced by this magic word in the Mzab, the horrors of drought in this country of thirst, after one, two, or even more years have elapsed without "Rahmet Allah" (The Mercy of God), must be experienced. Once one has witnessed the anxiety of the whole population as, in anguish, they search the sky so pitilessly blue, the full portent of this cry is realised!

No sooner does the smallest cloud appear than word goes round: "There are hopes of rain!" — but most often the cloud disperses! . . .

When the skies are overcast, hope is rekindled in the hearts of the people as they wait in expectation of a possible storm. Sometimes their hopes seem to mature as with a vivid flash and a deafening peal, a storm breaks out. The few drops of water are welcomed by enthusiastic cries of joy, — then the wind rises and carries away the heavy clouds, harbingers of abundance, to the more privileged North.

And once more the triumphant, ironical sun shines forth, always more burning, always more parching! . . . Little by little the wells dry up. Those less than 45 yards deep are already parched, and from the bottom of the deeper ones, exhausted mules only succeed in drawing brackish, muddy water, more troubled each day. What fatigue and what labor it costs to bring to the surface the moisture that this ungrateful earth holds so graspingly within herself!

And water costs 4d. a "guerba"! . . . (a skin that holds the natives' provision of water).

What little cultivation has been painfully obtained is now seen to wither and die. The fig trees and pomegranates are fading away, the palms are drooping, the vines perishing . . .

One evening I witnessed a heart-rending scene! A water-carrier was returning from the oasis, leading his ass laden with two skin vessels full of the precious liquid, a load of about 120 lbs. Both master and beast were tagged out by the day's work, the nine miles return journey and the ascent of the steep incline, for he lived at the top of the town, up a little street that looked like a staircase carved in the rock. At last there they are before the door of their home. The man begins to unload

when, with a false move the cord closing the "guerba" snaps and all the water escapes down the street like a little waterfall and disappears. Standing on his doorstep the poor man looks as though he would collapse from sheer misery.

But look! A storm is coming on, with astonishing rapidity. This time it is a real one. Red, heavy clouds cover the heavens, then they darken gradually. A sudden squall, a few peals of thunder . . . and the clouds burst. It is not rain but a veritable sheet of water that flows throughout the country, — not a shower, nor a downpour, but a real torrential rain.

A few hours of such a deluge and then comes the "Oued" (the river). "Look! There's the Oued!" On the stony, dried-up ground of the Chebka (This stony and very indented plateau is so called by the Mzabites because of its resemblance to a net, the native word for which is "Chebka") the waters glide down without being absorbed, fill every little crevice, form streams here and there that look insignificant at first. But the natives are not deceived, this time it is the Oued!

On one such occasion a European looker-on, amazed at the natives' enthusiasm, made fun and scorned that "tiny trickle of water no broader than a thread!"

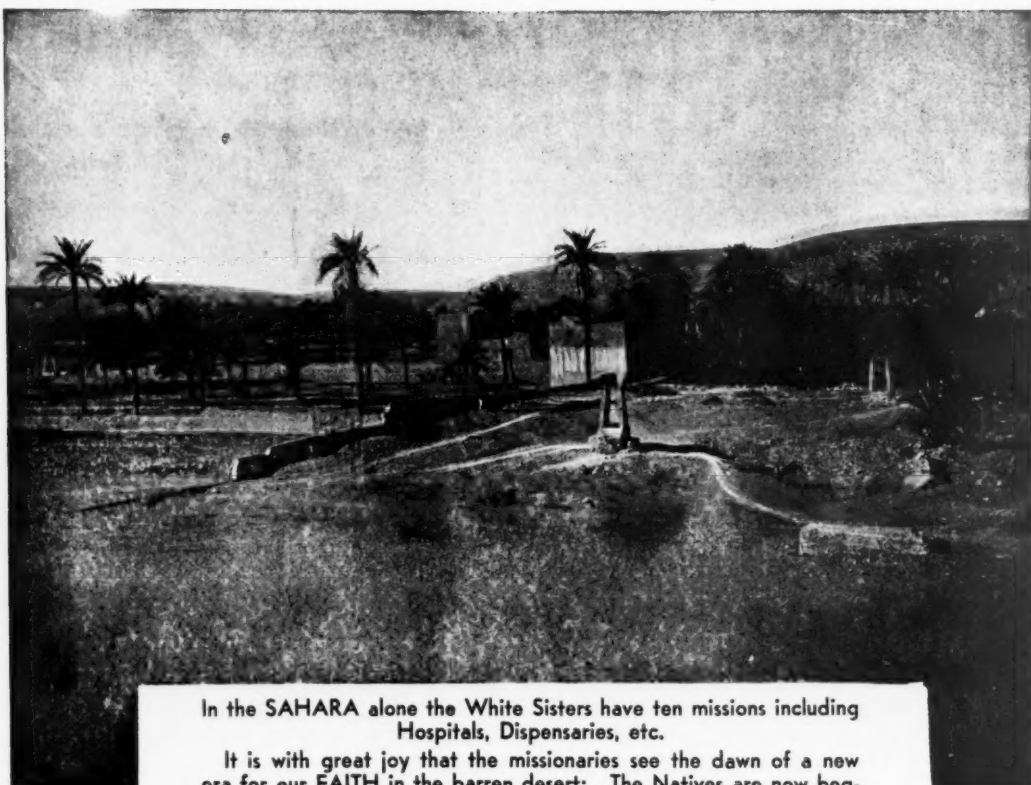
For a while that is true, but in ten minutes the trickle develops into a furious torrent more than a yard wide! On every side torrent meets torrent; all amalgamate and pour down the valleys with the impetuosity of a flood.

Up in the town one and all wait in eager expectation for the running messengers who, on such occasions, ply to and fro with the latest news. Here they come: "It has come up to Bouchemjen!" "Up to Taquedit!" "Up to Touzous!" . . . "It will soon be the great river!"

As the swelling waters advance they are called by various names such as: "The White River," "That which flows," "That which brings back life," "That makes things green again," "The Blessing of God!" "His Mercy!"

The cries of the couriers continue: "It is coming, it is at the oasis. It has crossed the new dam! Here it comes! Don't you hear it?"

Now excitement is at its highest. The Caïd (the chief), in festive attire which in-



In the SAHARA alone the White Sisters have ten missions including Hospitals, Dispensaries, etc.

It is with great joy that the missionaries see the dawn of a new era for our FAITH in the barren desert: The Natives are now begging for new missionary centers among their tribes.

cludes a massive red cloak, goes to meet the "Oued" mounted on his black steed, and surrounded by numberless pedestrians. They dash up the sandy bed . . . Here it comes! It is already two feet deep and some 70 to 120 yards wide, and advancing at the speed of a horse's moderate trot.

Gun salutes are heard on all sides. The Caid bows ceremoniously to the Oued, then turning round his steed, and keeping step with the onflow, escorted by the delirious crowd around him, he advances. Really, it is dangerous play, just a stumble and an overbalancing would inevitably mean being engulfed by the splashing, foaming, advancing waters!

The whole town is out: men and children, mad with joy, line the banks; women watch from the terraces. Negroes are there too with their orchestra of tom-toms and castinets. The noisy, bursting uproar is indescribable!

From the banks each one hastens to secure some of the precious liquid in pail or saucepan, in receptacles of all descrip-

tions, for everyone must taste the new water, muddy and foaming and positively disgusting though it be. It is almost a rite to drink of it and to relish its "sweetness."

"How is it," I once asked a woman, "that you, Mzabites, generally so particular, feel no repugnance in drinking this water which has just swept over the whole oasis, carting with it the rubbish collected through the years?"

"It is so indeed," she answered, "and you see the miracle? God has made it pure!"

Meanwhile the waters have reached the great barrier and they turn back with an eddying swirl. Then the water level rises and in so doing meets the openings to wells specially dug into the bed of the Oued. These fill with hasty turbulence. The river fills the valleys, overflows into neighbouring fields and even inundates roads.

In a few minutes the whole country has become one surging mass of water! . . . When the inundation is unusually strong

(Please turn to page 68)

EVER SINCE the cradle days of the Congregation, the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom it was dedicated, has shown her motherly protection for both those professed in her ranks and the natives cared for by her Missionaries, spiritually and temporally. Not in vain is she our Patroness under the title of Our Lady of Africa, and not less so does each White Sister invoke her daily for their many needs.

We wish to dedicate this article to Our Lady in appreciation of the numberless instances of her wonderful solicitude, and the endless string of spiritual favors showered on the Congregation itself.

Our Lady Saved the Congregation

Particularly indebted are we to her for her protection, and for the way in which she saved the very existence of the Institution in a moment of dire distress, when the Founder had actually decided to dissolve his still young society of women apostles. The crisis past, a statue of Our Lady of Africa was erected in the inner quadrangle of the Motherhouse, where it still stands to-day bearing the memorable date, 1885.

She Safeguarded Our Mother General

Our Co-Foundress, the Very Reverend Mother Marie Salome, was once among the passengers of a train that ran off the rails. All the coaches except one were in collision. Our saintly Mother was in that one.

On another occasion she was on her way back to the Motherhouse in Algeria, after visiting the Recruiting Convents in Europe. When about to cross the Mediterranean, an alteration in her plans obliged her to cancel her passage at the last minute. That boat was wrecked and there was much loss of life.

Our Lady Answers Her Children's Prayers

The natives of Uganda have a great devotion to Our Lady; their confidence in her is unbounded and is sometimes manifested in a rather amusing way, as the following shows.

One day a negro went to the Convent Chapel with a bundle of cauris (shells used as money by the natives) under his arm. Going up to the statue of the Blessed Virgin, he said out loud: "My good old Woman" (this is a term of respect and endearment with the Baganda), "if you obtain me a certain grace that I want very much, I shall give you these cauris; but,

Mary and Her

if I don't get the grace you don't get the cauris," and off he went with the money still under his arm.

A few days later the same man was again in front of Our Lady's statue, the cauris again under his arm. He knelt in silent prayer this time, then deposited his cauris and went away. Mary had answered his prayer.

In Uganda again, one year the storms which as a rule are very welcome because of the moisture needed, were very frequent and violent and caused much havoc everywhere. A thunderbolt struck the "Cathedral" and set the church alight. In a few minutes the thatched roof was one blaze.

While some men were fighting the advancing flames, a group of Black women, headed by their Queen, dashed into the flaming church, up to the statue of Our Lady, and standing on tiptoe, their arms outstretched, exclaimed: "Mary, Our Mother, save us! Help us, assist us! Save our church! Put out the conflagration! Help us, assist us, Mary, Mary!"

A while after this fervent prayer had been said, the fire went out itself, although no fire engines had appeared and, humanly speaking, there was



Venerable Founder
H. E. Card. Lavigerie

no hope.

Here is another little story of a negro boy, hardly ten years old, who arrived at the Mission having as his sole garment a dirty piece of rag tied round his waist. He was starving and had come a four days' journey on foot, to be instructed. On



Our Lady in the innercourt at the

er Missionaries

the way he had encountered a White Father who had had pity on his extreme misery and had given him five cauris to buy two sweet potatoes for himself and his little companion. (Sweet potatoes, unlike the ordinary potatoes are easily six or seven inches long and as much in girth). The following day the same priest inquired how they had enjoyed their meal. "We shared one sweet potato, Father, because we thought we would like to give half of our gift to Our Lady, to thank her for having made you think of us. So we took her three cauris first."

Mohammedans are led to Jesus through Mary

Our Lady's presence in our native hospitals has been felt through the years. She intercedes for souls in need and has often obtained the great grace of a death-bed conversion.

Ahmed was a Kabyle, of a race hated by the Arabs, who consider Kabyles as heretics though both are Mohammedans.

So the time he spent in hospitals, with Arab patients, was not particularly pleasant for him. He was held responsible for any quarrel, in fact for anything that went wrong. Yet Ahmed



First Superior General
Mother M. Salome

was a good fellow, always ready to give a helping hand when and where he could.

He was elderly and walked with the help of a heavy stick. The Sister in charge of the ward put Ahmed under Our Lady's special protection and prayed with particular fervor for that soul.

The day came when poor Ahmed became bed-ridden. Ever grateful for the Sister's care, he would say: "Surely Sidna Aissa's (Our Lord) religion is good, for it makes my nurse so kind to me. She washes my sores and dresses them afresh twice a day, and she makes my bed so nicely!" Christian charity contrasts greatly with the customs of a Mohammedan home, and it now touched his heart. Grace was at work. A few days later Ahmed went to the Better Land where he is known as John Mary.

* * * *

Towards the end of March Abd-El-Kader was transferred to one of our native hospitals from the civil hospital of Algiers. He was so crippled that he looked no bigger than a lad of thirteen.

Leaning on the Sister's arm he would gain his seat in the sunny hospital yard and bask in the sun as Arabs love to do. Sister used to slip in a kind word here and there, and asked Our Lady daily to save that soul. One day Sister said: "Abdaka, God knows how much you are suffering; you must love Him all the same, for He loves you very much. All He does is well done."

"Sister! Sister! come quickly, Abdaka is dying . . ." The Sister left off her work hastily and made for the bedside, but he did not recognize her. Energetic treatment brought him back, and he was laid in a quiet little room off the ward. Here he regained strength and Sister was able to speak to him more lengthily of God's goodness and mercy. Abdaka welcomed all she said and asked his nurse many questions. What touched him most was all about Our Lord's Passion and Death.

The end could not be far off, and Abdaka wanted to be baptized.

"What did you say you would call me?" he asked.

"Maurice."

"Need I really change my name?" — The Sister explained all about bearing saints' names, and their patronage.

"Then tell me, are there no Arab saints?"

"Yes: Geronimo."

"Tell me his story, Sister."

The Sister related how this Arab had been built into the wall of a fortress alive, rather than deny Christ.

"Then call me Geronimo, or, if you like, Geronimo-Maurice."

(Please turn the page)



at the Motherhouse, No. Africa

MARY AND HER MISSIONARIES

(Concluded from page 67)

His next question was as to whether Our Lord died for Arabs or for Europeans.

"For all mankind," Sister assured him, "He loves you and died for you, Abdaka."

"Do you really mean it, Sister?"

"Of course I do!"

"How very kind of Sidna Aissa to have thought of me!" Thereupon he kisses his crucifix. "Tell me more, I like listening very much."

Abdaka learned to replace the Moham-medan formula by an act of Christian resignation in moments of intense suffering: "My God, I love Thee! Thy will be done!" he would often say.

One night his call came, the Sister was beside him; he showed his assent to all suggested, and died with a rosary in his hands.

Absolute Trust Up to the End!

Sisters on their rounds in the village asked a Black woman how her sick baby was. "Mama (Sister), he is dying!"

"But where is he? Perhaps we can do something . . ."

"No, Mama, perhaps he is dead now. His father, seeing it was the end, carried him to church, to Our Lady's altar. He wants him to die under her patronage." So he did.

* * * *

Let us too have ever loving recourse to Mary!

A Missionary Sister of
Our Lady of Africa

"THE OUED! THE OUED! THE RIVER!"

(Concluded from page 65)

it can break over the dam, drop into the ravine below in a furious waterfall, and carry on to the next barrier awaiting it at Melika, about a mile further on. This has not happened, however, since 1933, and the date is still spoken of by the natives.

Once it stops raining the sources dry up, the current loses violence little by little, and in a few hours the river, steadied by the barriers, settles into a large lake whose waters soak into the soil and assure a living to the country that will last according to the abundance of the flood.

The water level lowers imperceptibly. Sometimes after a month, or more, only a few puddles remain here and there. The whole river bed is covered with a thick layer of slimy clay which in time dries up and cracks. This "tin," as the natives call it, they put to very many uses of their own.

And the Southern sun having fulfilled its role, the "River" is again but a dry bed of burning sand! One wonders if it is really true; if a few hours' rain could produce such a prodigious supply of water; if all trace of it could really disappear in so short a time.

To anyone who has not seen it for himself it all sounds incredible, but I can assure you that it is a sight worth seeing!

Sister M. Claver

REPUTATION SAFE

The Inspector had visited a Boy's School in Nyassaland and was departing fully satisfied . . . indeed it had been almost too good . . .

He stopped short, I must try once more he thought.

"Now children I am walking down to the station which is two hours away, if I should walk down with my son, how long would it take me?"

Petro quickly answered: "Four hours Sir."

The Inspector laughed at the momentary disconcert the answer caused in the class.

But Paulo the smallest boy in the front row put up his hand.

"Yes, what is it?" asked the Inspector.

"Pardon me, Sir," said Paulo, "but if your little boy is not bigger than my little brother Joanni, it will surely take you four hours to reach the station."

"Very good," smiled the inspector and he left.

From the Christmas Mail Bag



Dear Sisters:

As our Christmas gift for the little Negroes and Arabs of Africa we are sending you this check for two dollars and seventy cents.

Instead of exchanging Christmas gifts among ourselves, we saved our pennies and contributed them toward this fund so that we might be, as your letter suggested, a "double for Mary" at this season.

We should like to have more to contribute, but, since we haven't, we trust that our little mite will help to save the souls of some of our little Colored Sisters and Brothers in Africa.

Respectfully,
Sophomores of Homeroom 323
St. Mary's Academy
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Mother Theodora,

The sixth grade class decided that we should do something for the missions for Christmas. We are sending two boxes of gifts. One box is for the girls and the other is for the boys.

We did this as our Christmas mission project. We hope that the presents we are sending will make some little boy or girl very happy and that they shall be able to use them.

The sixth grade wishes the children a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We will ask the Infant Jesus on Christmas morning to bless all the boys and girls in your care.

Sincerely,
The Sixth Grade
St. Thomas School.
(Ann Arbor, Michigan)

Dear Sisters:

We were very happy to receive that dear little stocking and to fill it for you.

The children in our room have been studying about the countries in which the Mohammedan religion is professed. Sister has told us quite a bit about your work among them and also among the Black People.

We all hope that our little stocking will help in your labors among these poor little children.

May the Christ Child bless you and your labors. May He fill your hearts with the joy and peace of a happy blessed Christmas and a joyous New Year.

Sincerely yours,
The Children of the Fifth and Sixth Grades
St. Peter and Paul Academy.
(Ionia, Michigan)

Dear Sisters:

The eighth grade class of Room 21 of Saint Joseph Cathedral School collected fifteen dollars which we are enclosing for the Mission Fund. If it is possible we would like three colored babies baptised: John Hannon, Francis Xavier, Mary Pius.

We find great pleasure in helping the sisters in their noble work with the missions, especially at this time when the world is in such a turmoil. We hope our small sacrifice will be of some help to you in your work.

Will you kindly send us a picture of each baby?

Sincerely yours,
Pupils of Room 21 (Hartford, Conn.)

Reverend Mother Theodora:

Enclosed please find a check for \$1.00. We are sorry that we cannot send more but many are the demands on our unit at this particular time of the year and we must try and help all. Besides the dollar we also send you and your Sisters a promise in our prayers. We have one day a week set aside, on which we offer up everything we do for some particular mission intention. We will remember you and your sisters on one of those days.

Hoping God will continue to bless you and your work we close wishing you a very Blessed and Happy Christmas.

Sincerely in Christ,
Notre Dame Seminary Unit,
C.S.M.C. (New Orleans, La.)

OBITUARY

Rev. R. A. Kennedy, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. D. Melanson, Weymouth, N. S.
Rev. T. Duffy, W.F.
Rev. Reiser, W.F.
Rev. H. Dekker, W.F.
Rev. X. Le Doare, W.F.
Rev. J. B. Comorais, W.F.
Bro. J. Krapf, W.F.
Sister M. Armella, St. Charles, Algeria
Mr. Boillin, Tenn.
Mrs. M. Twilliner, W. Newbury, Mass.
Mrs. C. Nohe, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. C. Cardinal, Massena, N. Y.
Mr. Braun, Elizabeth, N. J.
Mrs. Siers, Omaha, Nebraska

Guy de Fontgalland

By L. L. McReavy

FOR THE MOMENT he could only gasp and struggle for breath, but his eyes and lips made their dumb appeal, and brought his mother to her knees by his side, where she knelt, straining to catch the message which she sensed he was striving to confide. Then while the father busied himself at the phone, seeking to bring the family doctor to the bedside of the child, Guy, a little relieved, but still panting for breath, gasped out his strange story:

"Mamma, dear little mamma, come into my arms, so I can hug you tight, for I've a secret to tell you, a secret that's going to make you cry. I'm going to die . . . Our Lady is coming to take me . . . When I was seven, and made my First Communion, Little Jesus told me He would take me . . . He didn't ask my opinion . . . He just said it like that, 'My little Guy, I shall take you, you will die young' . . . Why did I not tell you sooner? Why, because it would have made you suffer . . . You would have been in agony . . . But tonight, now that for the first time in my life I feel really ill, I had to let you know . . . poor dear mamma!"

Then reading the sympathy in her tearful eyes, he went on: "Yes, it's made me suffer . . . this idea of dying young . . . of leaving you . . . you especially, and Mark, and dad . . . but since the Good God wants me, I let myself be taken."

And you remember, at Lourdes, in July, that day I came back from the Grotto, and said to you as I was unfolding my serviette at lunch: 'The Blessed Virgin has told me a secret.' And you said: 'Tell me quickly.' And I said: 'No secrets are for two, not for three: this isn't for telling.' . . . Well, the secret Our Lady told me was: 'My dear little Guy, I shall come soon to take you; you are going to die young; I'm coming to seek you, and to carry you up to Heaven.'

The poor mother could only weep. As he had long foreseen, she could do nothing for him; she could only suffer with him. But, she was suffering far more keenly than even he had ever imagined, for she was only now beginning to learn the fullness of her treasure, now that the hour had already struck for her to part with it.

(To be continued)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

WE WISH to express special thanks to St. Peter's Grammar and High Schools, New Brunswick, N. J.; the Catholic Daughters of Sayreville and Plainfield, N. J., for their generous food, medicine and bandage showers.

OUR SINCEREST THANKS and gratitude also goes out to our faithful Brooklyn Friends for a very successful party for the benefit of our African Missions.

WE PRAY ALMIGHTY GOD to bless and reward each and everyone's devotedness with the promised hundredfold.

RANSOMED A YOUNG GIRL FOR CATHOLIC MARRIAGE OR SISTERHOOD

The Vernon, N. Y. Guild Members

RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

St. Joseph's Cathedral School
Hartford, Conn. 3 babies
Hartford, Conn. 2 babies
St. Mary's School, Westphalia,
Mich. 2 babies
Mrs. Kreft, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. O. Godin, Springvale, Me.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help
School, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . 12 babies
Miss G. Krause, Buffalo, N. Y.
Miss M. Picha, Hutchinson, Minn.
St. Mary's School, Lee, Mass. 2 babies
A Seventh Grade from Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mrs. F. X. Bonner, Philadelphia, Pa.
St. Paul's School, Worcester, Mass.
Miss A. Vanasse, Bristol, Conn.
Mrs. B. Meyers, Westphalia, Mich.

TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING

For 1 year

Miss M. Hillenbrand, Wheeling, W. Va.

For 1 month

Miss F. Kulpa, Buffalo, N. Y.

TO SUPPORT THE LEPERS

Mrs. G. B. Yale, Glendale, Calif.
Mrs. M. McCarty, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss A. Vanasse, Bristol, Conn.
Misses A. Woll and L. Hess, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO CLOTHE A CHILD FOR 1st COMMUNION

Miss G. Swanick, W. Philadelphia, Pa.

A THANK YOU to all who are helping our Coupon Drive by collecting and sending in their: Octagon, Kirkman, Luzianne, Health Club, Ballard's, Rumford and Borden Coupons.

May we ask all the readers of the Messenger to join our Coupon Campaign.

Nomenclature of the Missions in Which The White Sisters Labor

ALGERIA

Mother House
Algiers 4 missions
Ain-el-Arba
Attafs
Birkadem
Birmandries
El-Affroun
Maison Carree
Rivet

TUNISIA

Bizerte
Carthage
Kairouan
La Marsa
Thibar 2 missions
Tunis
Tunis Sidi Brahim

ATLAS MOUNTAINS

Akbou
Beni-Mengallet 2 missions
Beni-Yenni
Bou-Nouh
Djemaa-Saharidj
Iril-Ali
Oued' hias
Oued-Aissi
Taguemount-Azouz
Tizi-Ouzou

SAHARA

Ain-Sefra
Biskra 2 missions
El-Golea
Ghardaia
Geryville
Laghouat 2 missions
Ouargla
Touggourt

GOLD COAST

Navrongo

FRENCH WEST AFRICA

Bamako 2 missions
Bodo-Dioulasso
Kita
Koupela
Mandyakuy
Ouagadougou 2 missions
Toma
Samoe
Segou

KENYA COLONY

Mangu
Mombasa

NYASSALAND

Bembeke
Likuni
Mua
Ntakataka

TANGANYIKA TERRITORY

Bukumbi
Kagondo
Kala
Kate
Karema
Kigoma
Kisa
Mary Hill
Mbulu
Mugana
Mwansa
Mwazzie
Ndala
Ujiji
Ukerewe
Ushirombo
Sumwe
Tabora
Zimba

UGANDA

Bwanda
Hoima
Kisubi
Nkozi
Rubaga
Toro
Villa Maria

RHODESIA

Cilubi
Cilubula 2 missions
Ipusikiro
Kayambi
Lubwe
Minga

BELGIUM CONGO

Albertville 2 missions
Baudoinville
Bobandana
Bunya
Costermanville
Kamisuku
Kasongo
Katana
La Fomulac
Logo
Loulenga
Mpala
Boukeye

RWANDA URUNDI

Astrida
Issavi 2 missions
Kabgaye
Katara
Muguera
Muyaga
Nyondo
Rushubi
Rwasa
Usumbura
Zaza

In these 118 missions the White Sisters conduct 37 hospitals, 29 Maternity Hospitals, 44 Baby Welfare Centers, 98 Dispensaries, 9 Leper Colonies and visit the sick at domicile. Thus, through the care of the body, souls are won for God. Then for the moral and social education of the women and girls the Sisters also conduct 57 workrooms, 111 schools — primary, high and normal — 47 orphanages, catechetical classes at the missions and, to lead chosen souls to the state of perfection, 15 native Novitiates.

In order to maintain all these spiritual and corporal works of mercy, the White Sisters have recruiting houses, procures and sanitariums in BELGIUM, CANADA, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, and HOLLAND.

Would you not like to help in their works and share their merits?

See inside of front cover.



1942

A HOLY - BLESSED AND PEACEFUL NEW YEAR is extended to all our faithful and generous Benefactors, Members of the Guilds and Readers - who have generously helped during the past years and answered our Appeal so called "BE A DOUBLE OF MARY."

The gratitude of our orphans - especially of our hundreds of Missionaries in war torn areas - and suffering from fatigue and strains imposed by these troublesome days - is heartily extended to you through the pages of our Magazine.

May we ask and we trust that you will keep this charity flowing and flowing steadily - both spiritually and financially in order to enable us to keep these souls near to Christ and to bring many others at His feet.

FOR DEFENSE



Let's keep America strong — and free. Do your share. Buy United States Defense Bonds and Stamps today.

